of the new gymnasium.— Twenty-one St. Paul's men are expecting to take the entrance examinations here next summer.— Yale has presented Andover with two eight-oared shells.— The first Yale paper was founded in 1806, and since then twenty-eight papers have been published by the students.— Sheffield contains two hundred and fifty-six students.— All the exercises now end at 4 P. M. This gives more time for the athletic teams to practice.— There are twenty-seven men trying for the lacrosse team.— There are twenty Alumni Associations of Yale.

PRINCETON. Dr. McCosh has averaged ten hours study per day throughout his professional life.— The Foot-Ball Association is now governed by the President, Treasurer, and Captain.— Princeton has organized a Cricket Club.— The Scientific School has received the largest Holtz Electric Machine in the world.

DARTMOUTH. The students have chosen Secretary Lamar to deliver the commencement address.— The Handel Society of Dartmouth has offered a prize of $25 for the best Dartmouth song.— Twelve men are training for the Mott Haven Games.

IN GENERAL. The following are the members of the Intercollegiate Base-Ball League: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Brown, and Williams. The umpires are Dutton, Donovan, and Grant. The Spalding League ball will be used for all championship games.— The annual tournament for the Oelrichs cup at present held by Harvard will occur on Decoration Day.— Page, of the Un. of Penn., the champion jumper, attributes his success to bicycling.— Columbia has a man training for all the events in the Mott Haven games except two.— Princeton won the Mott Haven Cup in 1876; Columbia in 1877, 1878, and 1879; Harvard has had it since 1880.— The Tufts College Foot-Ball debt amounts to eighty-seven dollars.— $1,850 was raised for the Williams College ball nine within one hour.— The new Delta Psi house at Williams was dedicated March 15th. It is considered the finest of its kind in the country. Exeter has prepared 5,000 students for college.

She— I gave him a rose last night at the ball,
As we sat on the stairs in the dim-lighted hall,
Where one shaded lamp made a soft, dreamy glow,
And the music, like incense, breathed up from below.
For his love-lighted eyes looked so deep into mine,
That I hadn't the power, nor the wish, to decline.

He— She gave me a blood-red rose last night,
As we sat on the stairs, in the mystic half-light.
I remember how soft were her eyes, and how fair
Was her beautiful face, with its crown of bright hair.
And her round, dainty throat, with its necklace of pearl—
But, hang it! who under the sun was the girl? —Life.

Fond father (just arrived in town): “What time is it, my son?”

Dutiful son (feeling furtively in his watch-pocket): “Oh!—ah—yes, certainly—it is now,—Oh! I forgot; it is now at the jew-elers.”—Courant.

Mamma: “Come, Ivy, and say your prayers.”

Ivy: “Please, Dod, make Ivy a good little girl, an' don't tell mamma I stole the cake.”—Puck.

Ancient Brute: “Er, excuse me—but does my open window trouble you?”

Lady Passenger: “Oh, thank you! I was feeling it a little.”

Ancient Brute: “Well, I wouldn't run any risk of catching cold. There are some empty seats forward.”—Harper’s Bazar.

He: “Is your pa in, Sadie?”

She: “Yes; but you needn't be afraid, to come in, for he has just gone up stairs to wind his Waterbury watch, and he won't be down for three hours, at least.”— Boston Courier.

The following epitaph was placed on the tombstone of an old fireman: “He has gone to his last fire.”